

# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

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We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either use themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor.

All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

## THE BUGLE.

Letter from Joseph Treat.

PROVIDENCE, June 8th, 1851.

MY DEAR MARIUS: Well, since I last wrote you, men have been playing the *fool* on a large scale. They have done it here in the East, and they have done it with you in the far West. They have been keeping Fourth of July, or at least pretending to do so, and certainly they have made out to keep the last syllable of it! they have kept the lie part of it, if nothing more! Yes, it has been truly a lie, all a lie, and nothing but a lie—

The people of this country have never kept a Fourth of July, since they were an independent nation. And they never will, till they make a First of August. The South

would never keep it, till she frees every one of her slaves. The North never will, till she lets loose from the South and compels her to free them. And, (in case the North will not do this,) the Buckeye State will never keep it, till she comes out and declares herself independent of all the other States, just as our fathers declared themselves independent of Great Britain. She ought to pursue this course, for the same reason that they did, to be free from tyranny; and still more, for another and greater reason, which our fathers had not. So her citizens may not be tyrants themselves. And she has the same right to do it, that they had, for she is a more powerful nation than they were.

If they numbered 300,000, her inhabitants cannot rate less than 2,300,000 to day, and they are all crowded together on a small surface, and enjoying this advantage, and also that of superior enlightenment, [and knowledge is power]

they are better able to stand alone, and maintain a position among the other Sovereigns of the earth, than all the Colonies Combined.

Let her issue her Declaration of Independence then! Let her celebrate the old Fourth of July—the Fourth of July 1776—by making a new one—by making the Fourth of July 1851, as illustrious by her Declaration, as the fathers made the other day by theirs! Alas! it is too late! the hour has gone by. She missed the golden opportunity, and 12 long months must roll, ere it will return again. And those 12 months, how long they will be to the slave! Well, Ohio must not wait those 12 months. The delay will be purchased at too dear a rate!

She must take time by the forelock, and lay hold of the First of August! Nay, could I have my way, she should not put it off even till then—she should walk out of the Union to day! God send it!

And if Ohio will not declare herself independent of the other States, then every one who would not desecrate and profane the Fourth of July ought to declare himself or herself independent of Ohio! Carry out the principle. There is no other way. No man can act a consistent part on that day, without cutting loose from this Piratical Confederacy. No man can do other than prostitute the day to an unholy use, who does not strike for immediate and unconditional abolition.

He may be a Free Soiler, and make eloquent speeches against slavery extension, Hale, Palfrey, Allen, and others did here at Worcester last Friday, but if he does not go further, and speak and act in favor of slavery destruction, he don't keep Fourth of July! He only profanes that Sabbath!

And this makes me think of the great Free Soil Convention at Ravenna. I have carefully read the Resolutions adopted by that meeting, and I do not find one single word against slavery! Not one! Nor in the reports of the speeches, unless perhaps, in that of Samuel Lewis, and I do not recollect distinctly enough to say about that. Much was said, to be sure, against making slave States out of free Territory—against the Fugitive Law—and against the action of the General Government in behalf of the wicked system; but not one solitary word against slavery in the free States! It was not an Abolition Convention—not even an Anti-Slavery Convention. O it is a burning shame, and nothing but a shame!

Well, the abolitionists of Massachusetts celebrated the Fourth as it ought to be celebrated. They met at Abington, and though the rain drove them in from the beautiful Grove, in the afternoon, yet they had a great

day and a good time. Excellent speeches from Garrison, Quincy, Phillips, Pillsbury, and a host of others. When such celebrations become common, slavery will be abolished.

I spent Sunday at Hopedale. Spoke three times. A pleasant little place, good, happy people, and a prosperous and thriving Community. Hospitalite too, are the dwellers in that vale, and mindful to entertain strangers; only that in my case, I fear that they entertained one quite beside an angel. Their little paper—*The Practical Christian* ought to be circulated everywhere.

Bloomer Dresses flourish at Hopedale, as they begin to all over the country. During my short stay there, I made the acquaintance of one of the ablest advocates of Woman's Rights in the State,—Mrs. Abby H.

Price. May such as she, and my kind hostess here, be abundantly multiplied!

And now, because I suppose either you, or some of your readers, have taken up that matter of a Young Abolitionists' Convention in Ohio, and taken it up in good earnest, too! I will not say anything about it. But if I find you have not, I shall not be quiet next time.

Yours to hold such a Convention.

JOSEPH TREAT.

### British Opinions.

The Anti-Slavery Reporter for June, the organ of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, is exclusively occupied with the discussion of American Slavery. The subject also occupied a prominent place in the discussion at the anniversaries of their ecclesiastical and benevolent associations. The philanthropic portion of the British people of all classes, seem impressed with the efficiency of the social influence in eradicating wrong. And they have resolved to make the most of the present occasion, and deal with plainness with our numerous countrymen, there assembled at this time. We honor them for their fidelity which cannot fail to produce desirable results. The quotations we give are from the moderate class of British abolitionists—those who sympathize with the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Societies, and who are deeply grieved at the infidelity of Mr. Garrison. With what spirit they administer their rebukes may be judged from the following extract from the Reporter:

'But in whatever we may say or do, in this matter, we have no right to assume any parochial attitude of personal superiority to those who have been trained from childhood to see no wrong in the social system under which they live. If they choose to point to the various forms of injustice which exist amongst ourselves, we would not palliate those wrongs by one word of apology. They may even humiliate us, and it will be right and wholesome that they should do so, by advertising to the immorality of such detestable doctrines as those which were recently put forth by Mr. Roeluck, in the House of Commons, respecting the extermination of aboriginal races. We must admit, with grief, that an English legislator has been found to proclaim maxims of tyranny as atrocious as any that have issued from Carolina or Alabama. We may truly say, however, that no English Minister would dare to set upon those maxims; and, whatever moral deficiencies may appear in our conduct as a nation, they may be exposed by every one amongst us who feels them, without qualification and without fear. We would neither conceal our own shortcomings, nor be blind to the virtues of those towards whom we would address the words of brotherly remonstrance. We know well that slaveholders can be generous, truthful, humane, and, as far as is consistent with their unhappy position, just.'

The Reporter contains the Resolutions of various bodies refusing fellowship with slaveholders or their northern abettors. These we have not room to insert.

The following are extracted from speeches on the subject, delivered before the Congregational Union of England and Wales:

The Rev. JOSEPH FLETCHER rose to move a resolution, denouncing the system of slavery as a whole, and the Fugitive Slave Law in particular, which he deemed "a law which no one who would obey God rather than man could consistently and righteously obey."

Mr. Fletcher then adverted to the Crystal Palace, and remarked upon the singular fact,

that the principal sculpture presented by the Americans was a slave; and that not a slave of the present day, or of their own country, but a Greek slave. He thought it very singular that an American should have to go to Greece for a slave; for in Greece, at the present day, slavery had no existence. Yet such a statue had been deemed suitable to represent the taste of America in the nineteenth century, so remarkably was Jonathan blinded to the nature of the associations which must naturally gather around such a statue as that. In England, with all its faults, nothing of the character of American slavery existed. It had, however, its squalor and wretchedness, and many things of which they had reason to be ashamed, even before Americans; let them, therefore, not take too high ground, and not indulge too freely in boasting. But they could glory that slaves could not breathe on Britain's shores. The moment they tread our shores, they are free. He hoped the resolution would pass with

entire unanimity. He would not enlarge, but, if necessary, he was prepared to defend it.

Dr. CAMPBELL then rose and said: Mr. Chairman, Mr. Garrett tells us, that if we are to benefit the oppressed, it must not be by diluting the waters of justice, but by preserving them in their purity, and declaring the truth in unmistakable language. Now, Sir, I must say, that I deem that which constitutes the very essence of the resolution proposed by the sub-committee to illustrate the meaning of our friend—it is soft zephyr breezes. Forsyth, you only "disclaim"—"disclaim all sympathy." Very gentle language this! Is it the language which ought to blend with the clanking of chains, the groans of the oppressed, the wails of millions? Will it satisfy you simply to "disclaim sympathy?" Will you not deprecate, will you not denounce the inhuman system that catalogues such men as that—an honor to humanity—with dogs, horses, oxen, goods, and chattels, and as an article of barter at the auction-block? For my part, Sir, I can be no party to the adoption of such a resolution. I consider the times we live in, as it respects America, have assumed a very serious aspect. Remembering the conduct of the American President, the enactment of the Senate, and the speech of Mr. Webster, there is everything to arouse and alarm the friends of humanity; and when we add to this that the most eminent men, men best known in Europe—the men who have visited England, trod our shores, mingled in our assemblies, and received our hospitalities,—your Tyngs, your Springs, your Sturts, your Coxes,—when we find these men coming forth to plead, not for the oppressed, but for the oppressor, and to stretch the broad shield of Christianity over deeds the most inhuman,—it is time for men in every land to lay aside soft phraseologies, to abjure mitigated sentiments, and to declare the truth in its own appropriate language. Sir, when I heard the sentiment which has recently, among many others, reached me across the Atlantic, that one man who has been famed for sanctity declared, that if one prayer could set the fettered free he would not offer it, I felt a recoil which I cannot express. I hold such language in abhorrence. The prayers of such a man must be an abomination. Such a man should never be pastor of mine. The man who will thus talk,—the man who would not breathe a prayer to melt the fetters of millions, if by that prayer he could effect it,—I hope, Sir, that man will pray no more.

The Rev. J. W. Chickering, a Delegate from the Congregational Union of Maine, to the Congregational Union of England and Wales, announced himself "sound on the question of slavery," and was invited to speak. His speech was devoted to apology for his pro-slavery brethren at home, and complaints of the rebukes he experienced from British Christians. His wincing, and contortions are somewhat amusing. Take the following for example:

The Rev. J. W. Chickering, Secretary to the Congregational Union of Maine (U. S.) stated:—I come to the Congregational Union of England and Wales, to make a few suggestions as to our terms of intercourse, perhaps I ought to say the question of that intercourse; and as to what Christian fidelity, love, and courtesy require of you, if you decide to hold intercourse with any American Christian body. I speak, then, of churches where there is no slavery—churches which have by their State bodies, and many of them by counties or separately, borne testimony in various terms against slavery, as our great national peril, reproach and sin—churches whose ministers and members preach and talk against slavery, and pray for its extinction,—are ready with their votes on any occasion, when they think a vote will accomplish anything for freedom,—and, in short, are known and read of all men as opposed to slavery. Except those men, and I am sorry to find English morals and politics, as well as Americans, tampered with by such so-called reformers,—men of a malignant philanthropy,—appearing to hate the church of Christ more than they hate slavery or Satan himself, and who are better pleased to make out the church in favor of slavery, than to recognize and hear its influence against it. Now, dear brethren, I submit it, in all kindness, and with all confidence in your kindness, of which I have already had much proof, whether such churches and their delegates ought not to be held responsible for their conduct.

When a brother in the ministry comes from a distant country and seeks fellowship with us, in my humble opinion he puts himself in a position to have any question conveniently proposed to him with reference to his own habits, or to the habits of his brethren with whom he denominationally mingle;

especially if that question relates to a public infringement of the liberty of those whom Christ has made free.

My fault may have been that I put the questions unctuously and indecently; of that those who were

present must judge; but surely it was not

captions to beg Mr. Chickering to state

what was the ordinary conduct of the

brethren of our own order to their colored

brethren and sisters?

Whether they sanctioned those abominations, the "negro pews,"

or even protested against them?

And whether, generally, as ministers of the Gospel, they proclaimed by their intercourse publicly and privately with the colored population,

that they were "one blood?" I should

have thought such questions ought not to offend any brother, or could be esteemed captions by any hearer.

But while Mr. Chickering thus disclaimed

all occasion for feelings of personal sensitiveness on the subject of slavery, he gave a

graphic and good-natured sketch of certain

things connected with his otherwise most

gratifying reception among us:—the examination by a sub-committee; the subsequent captious questioning of one or two individuals at the dinner, among the very pleasant and pleasantly-met eaters which Mr. Chickering, unexpectedly called upon for a speech, proposed of his own accord;

and the frequent and pointed allusions to

American slavery, and to him, in some cases,

the only recognized and introduced Ameri-

can on the platform, thus directing, as he

said, 7,000 eyes towards him, and setting in

motion 14,000 hands and feet, besides other instruments of noisy demonstration; while a little disconcerted at being made the figure head of the American ship, to receive these sharp shots, with their sharper reverberation, he sat like a culprit before the people, not always able, through want of time or other cause, to say, until another meeting, before partly another audience, any more for himself or for his country, to show either that he was not an owner and a breeder of slaves, or the wholly vile and God-forsaken. Now, dear brethren, to whom I dare say all this, because it is true, and because you are true—true men, true Britons, true Christians;—if, on reflection, you will say that this course is in good taste, I can only reply, "*de gustibus non est disputandum.*" It is, however, a very clever, what does it contain, from beginning to end, but a declaration of the existing wrongs of slavery, an apology for his ministerial brethren who are not decided abolitionists, and a smart retaliation for the examination to which he had been subjected? Let the Rev. Mr. Garret's speech be read—the tale of the man whose soul has writhed under the wrongs inflicted on him and on his colored brethren by pastors—let him tell of the "negro pews," and of their cursed influence, and how the system, by this means, if not by approbation, is upheld by those who should take the lead in denouncing such habits in their churches, and then judge if my questions were either irrelevant or captions.

When Mr. Chickering told us that he had never seen a negro pew—which he corrected by stating, that he believed he might have seen one—that such pews he believed might be

found in some churches in other States; and that, as to intercourses, no difference was made in any respect in his church—colored and white persons mingled together, and received the same notice from the minister.—In this particular case, I believe no one doubted his statement; but my question related to the general conduct of pastors to the colored population, and that question was evaded. I have attentively read the speech, as reported, which Mr. Chickering delivered at the Congregational Union on Friday last, and though it is very captivating,

very clever, what does it contain, from beginning to end, but a declaration of the existing wrongs of slavery, an apology for his ministerial brethren who are not decided abolitionists, and a smart retaliation for the examination to which he had been subjected?

By J. F. Matthews—President Fillmore

—The incident of an accident—the Ephraim

Smooth of politics; all things to all men, and

not worthy the confidence of any.

By Col. H. Wigfall—Gen. A. Quitman—

The first on the battle plains of Mexico.—

May he be the first President of the Southern Republic.

By T. Alex. Miller, Esq.—South Carolina—Oppressed and degraded by a vile, false,

tyrannical, polluted government. Secession

is her only remedy and disunion her only

honor.

By T. L. Roger—Political Chemistry—

The transmutation of Tyranny into Liberty

without resorting to the roaring of cannon

—Southern cowhides applied to Northern backs.

By W. H. Hanigault, (a member)—Fed-

eral Pap—It nourishes Vipers in our midst,

giving them strength to turn and sting the breast of our common Mother. A loyal son

rejects the food as poison.

By A. E. Hartz—The Palmetto State—

The Materialized Phantom that haunts Yan-

keedom, and makes it sleep with one eye

open.

By Jacob Williams—President Fillmore

and his Cabinet—South Carolina has pre-

pared for them, should they attempt to co-

erce her, what they richly deserve—A Hal-

ter of Kentucky Hemp.

The Separate Secession of South Caro-

shomorable fugitive law, is operating so terribly, it will prove the Churches to be infidels in relation to the truth and spirit of Jesus, if they attempt to keep quiet. If the Church does not take sides with mercy, against cruelty, it is not worth supporting.

It is expected that another Convention will be held during the coming year, and, in the mean time, thousands of our reports will be circulated all over the country; and papers established, and lecturers sent abroad, and the work of Church reform will be entered upon with more earnestness than ever. We are not afraid of being too enthusiastic in this cause. He who has felt most, has not yet felt enough. We who profess Christianity forget that we are now living in the very world for which Christ bled in agony. Those very scenes and sufferings which hardly raise an emotion in us, are the very scenes which moved the heart of God. So that were every Christian to tremble with emotion—were the members of every church to meet together on the subject, to start from their supineness as one man, and to utter a loud cry of lamentation, it would be only what sympathy with Christ, and the suffering poor around us loudly demand.

E. H. N.

Rev. Jesse McBride.

From the True Wesleyan.

On the 18th of May, "Rev." Hines, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held a meeting and delivered a discourse in Davidson county, near to one of our churches, the object of which was to show the injurious effects of my preaching, and to excite the mob spirit against me.

On the 23d of May, I had an appointment at Liberty Hill, our own church, on the line between Guilford and Davidson counties, at which time and place I was met by a tremendous drunken mob, headed by the Rev. Hines, (referred to above,) Hoover, (a member of the Legislature a few years since, and M. E. class-leader,) and other official members of the M. E. and P. Methodist churches, all slave-holders.

After hitching my horse, as I was starting to the meeting-house, I was met by Hoover, who said, "Mr. McBride, you can't preach here to-day."

"I shall not ask you," reaching him my hand; and passing on, I came to the main body of the mob, all armed with clubs, pistols, &c., who were stationed across my road, evidently intending to stop me. I marched through their midst, shaking hands with them as I went. As I attempted to pass in at the door of the Church, I was accosted by the guard, stationed at that place, as follows:—"You can't go in here. You have been warned not to attempt to do so." And as they spoke, they seized hold of and pushed me backwards from the door, and in a very excited tone, one of them exclaimed, "You have ruined my slaves; I can't do a thing with them! Now I'll give you five minutes to leave, and if you ever return to this place again, you will have to suffer consequences. Come it is time you were going!" Be off immediately!" At this moment, the drunken tools who were to do the dirty work of the occasion, came rushing on to me and striking at me with their huge clubs. As they were about laying hold of me, the ladies, the first, to embrace, and the last to renounce the right—causing and placing them to itself, which diverted their attention. Such language as that can used to those women, for vulgarity and baseness, never was exceeded—could scarcely be used this side the dark walls of the infernal regions, except by these same foul mouthed, and I fear, God-forsaken beings who equalled and surpassed in meanness, only by their hypocritical leaders. Meantime I stepped to one side, knelt in prayer a short time, after which I exhorted a little group, who had collected around me—spoke to a number of persons individually, and among others a fine appearing young man, who came with the mob. He became quite affected; said he was sorry for what he had done, he wept like a child. God grant that he may become as Saul of Tarsus—a convert, a preacher of righteousness. After the lapse of an hour, while I was engaged in comforting and exhorting the brethren, the leaders came to me, and Hoover ordered me to leave forthwith. After exhorting him to repentance, telling him of his danger, that his hoary head must soon be brought to the grave, citing him to the judgement, I told him we ought to pray before our separation. Asked him to kneel with me, getting on my knees as I spoke. He turned pale at death, and his whole system seemed convulsed, as he said—"No, no; we did not come to pray!" "Come," said the leaders to the drunken clan, come, lay hold of him, we want no praying here. Stop him, don't let him pray." Like faithful servants, the drunks came on to me, one of them seizing me by the throat, stopped my breath, and hushed my voice. At this moment the women came rushing through the mob, gathered round and laid hold of me, and for a minute the mob loosened their hold of me. But the leaders cried out, "Lay hold of him. Drag him out. Pick him right up!" With renewed courage, the rowdies caught hold of the women and threw them round, as they would so many dogs. As many of them as could, took hold of me and carried me four or five rods, then threw me on the ground; laying hold of my arms, were about to drag me, when, making use of my feet, I walked, and commenced singing. "How happy are they," &c. One of the leaders yelled out "Stop that singing." At the word, a big two-fisted wretch caught me by the throat, stopped my voice, and then to make sure work, placed his filthy hand over my mouth. What a tumult! Some were crying, "bring on the rail!" Some, "don't hurt him; let him go." Some were swearing what ought to be done with me; while others were screaming, for fear I would be killed. In the midst of the uproar, one of the leaders cried out, "Take him, and throw him into his buggy;" which was done; my horse was unhitched and turned, and I was ordered to leave *instanter*. I sat and conversed with my friends, until every hope of doing further good by remaining had fled; meanwhile, the mob were ranting and threatening my life, to which I paid no apparent attention. I drove three-fourths of a mile, and held a colloquial interview with a number of the friends who followed me.

After I left, a magistrate attempted to take the names of the mob, whereupon they were going to inflict lynch law on him.

Some young women, non-professors, in order to mock him requested the Rev. Hines to pray for them. On his refusal, they asked him to pray with his own company. But his reverence thought there was too much confusion and excitement to pray.

Just think of it, this same Hines, as above stated, spent the Sabbath previous to this uproar, in benting up for volunteers, to crush the supremacy of the law, human and divine—to lynch a man for preaching the gospel. In order to prepare them for the occasion, Hoover and Hines, in company with their brethren of the M. E. and M. P. Churches, treat a pack of ignoramus—of incubitantes, and place themselves at their head, break up a religious meeting, abuse a number of innocent women, choke a man for and drug him off his knees when praying, and threaten his life if he refuse to comply with their hellish requests. What an influence these brethren will exert over their flocks and the world. They hold up the Bible as a standard of right and then threaten to kill men for obeying its teachings! But the wrath of man shall praise Thee." I had urged the duty of secession, at Liberty Hill—had preached secession sermons, but they were nothing to move the people to action, in comparison to the work of Hines, Hoover & Co. On the day of the mob, several left their pro-slavery churches. These religious leaders demonstrated the doctrine we had been preaching viz: that slaveholders are sinners, and that good people commit sin to endorse their character as Christian, or to commune with them. They also opened the people's eyes in reference to elevating slaveholders to office in civil government; and in reference to the power of slaveholders, now the few rule the many. The good work will go on, "God rides upon the storm!"

In my next, I shall speak of my exclusion, &c. Affectionately, J. McBride.  
LEESVILLE, Ohio, June 31st, 1851.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPET AND BLOW A DOLOROUS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT LIES NOT IN MAN'S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—Milton.

SALEM, OHIO, JULY 26, 1851.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE meets August 3rd.

The Bargain and its Ratification.

There has been a great deal said about bargain and sale by politicians. It has been customary for them to charge each other with mercenary traffic in the interest of the people. No doubt there is truth in their mutual accusations. For in our national capacity we have been ever engaged in selling out to slavery. We have not sold this birth-right manfully at whole sale as Esau did. But from love of truck and dicker, have peddled it out at retail, and now have nothing to show but our bare poverty, and the bankruptcy of character that has brought us to it. Every bargain has been to our loss in money power, character and liberty. The first great bargain of all, the partnership agreement between the North and South, pregnant from its existence, has been yielding an incessant spawn of new bargains and compromises.

There have been all the bargains for officers, from President to slave-catching Commissioners. The tariff and free-trade each other. That have succeeded and supplanted each other. The old fugitive slave law bargain. The Missouri compromise bargain. The bargain for Louisiana and Florida. The bargain for blood-hounds, quadruped and biped, to hunt the wives and children of the Seminoles in Florida. The great Texas bargain. The Mexican war bargain. But time and paper would fail us for enumeration of all. The last contract was in 1850, when the agents of the North pledged themselves, not that we should hire blood-hounds in the Florida hunt, but our farms, our houses, our churches, our school houses, and our very bed-chambers being open for the hunt, that we ourselves should suffer metamorphosis—and to the running, worrying and catching—feed ourselves and the game into the bargain, while our masters had only to cry, "seize him!"

The South now demands that we ratify the act of these agents. That we write ourselves, in the bold, unmistakable hand of submission and obedience, the eurs and hiens they have named us. Traitors all around us from the press, the stump and the pulpit, urge the measure—pledging the sacredness of contracts, the divinity of law—and the blessings of the Union. And our Anti-Slavery politicians, while I stepped to one side, knelt in prayer a short time, after which I exhorted a little group, who had collected around me—spoke to a number of persons individually, and among others a fine appearing young man, who came with the mob. He became quite affected; said he was sorry for what he had done, he wept like a child. God grant that he may become as Saul of Tarsus—a convert, a preacher of righteousness. After the lapse of an hour, while I was engaged in comforting and exhorting the brethren, the leaders came to me, and Hoover ordered me to leave forthwith. After exhorting him to repentance, telling him of his danger, that his hoary head must soon be brought to the grave, citing him to the judgement, I told him we ought to pray before our separation. Asked him to kneel with me, getting on my knees as I spoke. He turned pale at death, and his whole system seemed convulsed, as he said—"No, no; we did not come to pray!" "Come," said the leaders to the drunken clan, come, lay hold of him, we want no praying here. Stop him, don't let him pray." Like faithful servants, the drunks came on to me, one of them seizing me by the throat, stopped my breath, and hushed my voice. At this moment the women came rushing through the mob, gathered round and laid hold of me, and for a minute the mob loosened their hold of me. But the leaders cried out, "Lay hold of him. Drag him out. Pick him right up!" With renewed courage, the rowdies caught hold of the women and threw them round, as they would so many dogs. As many of them as could, took hold of me and carried me four or five rods, then threw me on the ground; laying hold of my arms, were about to drag me, when, making use of my feet, I walked, and commenced singing. "How happy are they," &c. One of the leaders yelled out "Stop that singing." At the word, a big two-fisted wretch caught me by the throat, stopped my voice, and then to make sure work, placed his filthy hand over my mouth. What a tumult! Some were crying, "bring on the rail!" Some, "don't hurt him; let him go." Some were swearing what ought to be done with me; while others were screaming, for fear I would be killed. In the midst of the uproar, one of the leaders cried out, "Take him, and throw him into his buggy;" which was done; my horse was unhitched and turned, and I was ordered to leave *instanter*. I sat and conversed with my friends, until every hope of doing further good by remaining had fled; meanwhile, the mob were ranting and threatening my life, to which I paid no apparent attention. I drove three-fourths of a mile, and held a colloquial interview with a number of the friends who followed me.

Their robber hands are already outstretched to seize and appropriate still more of Mexican territory. And their lustful hearts have already gleamed over the spoils of the multitude of Isles that dot the Caribbean sea. Such are the acts of stupendous national injustice which they calculate to perpetrate for the sake of extending the area of human slavery. The Union is the only instrumentality by which it can be effected. The past and especially the present mean service of the North gives them good reason to calculate upon success. The Union continuing they will succeed. Their threats of dissolution are but an incident in the game. Their stake is greater now—and of course their demonstration which shall make them seem in earnest—must be greater. With the mass of them, their threats are only seeming. But their hypocrisy is honor, compared with the meanness of Webster, Fillmore, and others who vouch for the sincerity of their threats, by professing to save the Union from its danger.

A Meeting will be held at Coop. Springs on Sunday, Aug. 3d, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

### The Tribune.

### Letter from Parker Pillsbury.

CONCORD, N. H. 12th July, 1851.

DEAR FRIEND ROBINSON: My correspondence with The Bugle has been so long discontinued as to make me feel almost a stranger,—and the more so as a change has taken place in the Editorial department. And on that subject permit me to say, that the regrets which the friends of the paper in New England feel at the resignation of Oliver Johnson, are greatly alleviated by the promptness with which you assumed the place, and the magnificent manner with which you fill it. It is no flattery to you, nor by any means a detraction from the splendid ability of your predecessor, to say that the Bugle in point of talent, as well as fidelity and truthfulness, is entitled to rank among the first Newspapers in the nation.—For myself I have so regarded it, from the beginning.

It is usually expected that a distant correspondent will be able to make a letter interesting and useful to the readers of the paper for which he writes. I hardly dare hope to do so. But I may say we have had our annual mockery of God and Liberty on the fourth of July, attended with more than the usual number of serious and fatal accidents. The putrid orations and delirium tremens-toasts and twaddle, have been fulminated again for the seventy-fifth time, and the census shows an increase of a hundred thousand slaves within the past year.

The friends of true liberty in Massachusetts met as usual in the Eden Grove at Abington, and observed the day in a rational and proper manner; not by telling God and one another lies, on how free we are, how great, how republican like Christian, but by acknowledging the monstrous and many oppressions and outrages which are done daily in the name of liberty and religion, and seeking how they might rid themselves of all participation in such guilt and wickedness.

The statement that the scheme of slave state annexation is checked, does indeed surprise us. The columns of that paper have been recently filled with exposures of the plots of annexation. It has made exposure after exposure of the Cuban, St. Domingo, Lower California and Senora plots. It has recorded the declarations of Southerners, Unionists and Secessionists, that they were bent upon annexation as the hope of their security. And yet it thinks this scheme of annexation virtually checked.

We can look upon the statements in the following extract in no other light, than that of a cool effort to falsify its own facts. It finds it necessary to quiet the fears and sooth the consciences of those it would enlist in support of the Whig party in the coming Presidential contest. By this course the Tribune will corrupt the public mind and effectually neutralize with many its past efforts in opposition to the slave power.

"And now that this agitation is substantially over for the present at least, we may express our conviction that it has been a most useful thing. It has virtually put a check on future schemes of annexing Slave States, it has strengthened the Union as a storm purifies the atmosphere, and shown the full absurdity of South Carolina separation. It has rooted deeper the natural dislike of freemen to slavery, and when that institution shall at last cease to exist, we may hope to find a new and more perfect system of government. The Whig party in the coming Presidential election will be triumphant." A Kentuckian said in a flaming speech, "we have *feller* citizens, we have elected Old Tip, dam-me if we didn't do it by spontaneous combustion." Whether "spontaneous subscription" will be thus triumphant, is yet a question. Too many of the *Spontaneities* have to be dragged and driven to the altar to afford much ground of hope; while the smallness of the number obtained in any way, is driving even the most sanguine to the depths of despair.

Such is the prospect as regards this law. There is no chance for its immediate repeal or modification. But while we shall not attempt any new agitation for an end whose attainment we cannot anticipate, we shall not withhold any part of our convictions on the subject, whenever they are called for by an antagonist or by the attempt to carry a man into slavery by virtue of its authority.

Neither Daniel Webster, Bennett, Herald or any other organ of hunkersim has of late made any demonstration better calculated to aid slave catching and slave extension than this. The position of the Tribune gives it a crowning influence for evil when it speaks after this style.

### General Agent.

By mistake we omitted to mention last week that the Executive Committee had requested Mr. J. W. Walker to act for the present as General and Financial Agent of the Society.

Mr. Walker has yielded to the request. The Committee were reluctant to withdraw him in any measure from his present field of usefulness. But the exigencies of the cause seemed to demand some one to act in this capacity. Mr. Walker's extensive acquaintance with abolitionists—his familiarity with the whole field,—his energy and unflagging devotion to the cause qualifies him for the work. We hope by this arrangement to secure more unity, promptness and efficiency of effort and of consequence more success. Now is the time for labor. The people everywhere are agitated with the question. Whigs, Democrats,—the church cannot all combine, put the subject to rest.—Our business is, with watchfulness and zeal to direct the agitation, and guide it to the highest possible results.

### Northern Candidates' Opinions.

Isaac P. Walker who has received the nomination for the presidency from a meeting of Democrats in Tammany Hall, and also from the Industrial Convention at Albany, gives the following as his views in regard to the compromise. It is extracted from a speech reported in the Milwaukee papers.

The great and leading question upon which it has been my duty to act as one of Wisconsin's Senator, has been the Slavery question. This is now settled—I believe happily settled, but whether so or not, is a question to be solved and determined by time. Of one thing I am at least satisfied—that the settlement or adjustment of this question in the manner it was done, has accomplished what should be the highest earthly aim of the patriot, the *preservation of the Union*."

*Ex-purgated.*—Mr. Stewart, Secretary of the Department of the Interior, stated in a speech in Richmond Va., during the late presidential tour to the South, that in the public offices under his control were 500 officers. He was happy to give the information that to the best of his knowledge and belief, he had not left an abolitionist or disunionist in office.

finest womanhood, when a Judas as "the reward of his iniquity," shall be decreed high bishop of the Universal church, buying votes of Barrabas, and bribing Pilate and Herod with his "thirty pieces of silver," when Satan shall be crowned as Lord Chancellor of all the heavens, in honor of his treason and rebellion against the rightful sovereign of the Universe, then, but not till then, might Daniel Webster ask reward for deeds and doctrines, such as his—deeds for which devils would pay premium, and doctrines that might shame the colleges at which they graduate with their blazing honors. Verily I say unto you, Daniel Webster shall have his reward.

Most truly yours,  
PARKER PILLSBURY.

### Letter from J. W. Walker.

ADRIAN, July 15th, 1851.

DEAR MARIUS: Sorry should I be, did I think that either yourself or the readers of The Bugle thought, that, because I have not written for its pages as frequently lately as usual, that I have forgotten it, or lost interest in its welfare. I can assure you that in nothing do I feel a deeper interest, than in our official organ. I desire that you succeed in your new vocation, to your own entire satisfaction, is surpassed by none. I have seen that there has been no lack of correspondence since you took charge of the paper, and therefore, less necessary for my troubling either yourself or readers. Since I wrote you, I have held a multitude of meetings, over a vast tract of territory, and after a long silence have concluded once again to send a few notes from the lecturing field.

After my return from the East, where I assisted in holding some very encouraging meetings, I spent some time in my own and the adjacent counties, then held some meetings in Carroll and Harrison counties. I found the cause of the Slave in the latter region, still hopeful.—The meetings as well attended as ever. At Leesburgh, I met with Jesse McBride, the Wesleyan minister, expelled from North Carolina. This young man once professed to be a disunionist, and even offered himself as a Lecturing Agent to the Western Society. He, however, fell back upon the Church, and was sent to the above State a couple of years since. From all I can hear, he has been faithful to his mission, and is eventually driven back. On the Friday night he held, in connection with myself, an Anti-Slavery meeting in the Church. On Sunday morning he preached, and in the afternoon gave an account of his treatment in the State from whence he came. He was very severe in his strictures of Southern Religion, and Southern Priests. He stated that those who got up the mobs, and compelled him to leave his Church and State, were ministers and members of Churches, and that had it not been for the Priests, he could have remained. He told how the people there had great revivals, that they were proverbial for their attendance upon the means of grace, and for their religious enjoyment. One very pious sister in Israel, got so full of the spirit on the Sunday, that she shouted aloud, and if I mistake not fell with the power! then next morning sold a couple of her family slave girls for seven dollars per pound (?)

Strange that the people don't see that *revivals and enjoyments, shouting and conversions*, are no evidence of goodness. That in fact they are perfectly compatible with all manner of crime. At night another Anti-Slavery meeting was held, and a good effect produced. Still Mr. McBride is a "Union man." A glorious Union it has been to him, a man who has been kicked out of it, and has given bonds never to return into one of the "United States," must, it seems to me have funny feelings while advocating the "Union." Still, I think, he will do a good deal of good to the cause, by his exposure of the workings of the Slave system.

Immediately upon my return from the tour into the southern portion of the State. I started for Michigan, and a long journey of it, I had. I thought I should never get there. I had at last to go to Detroit, and then back to Monroe, to get there at all. But when I did arrive, the welcome from warm hearts, recompensed for all and far more.

The Convention at Litchfield, was a good one, the numbers in attendance, however, were not so great as was expected by some, though considering the season, (the midst of harvest,) they were respectable. I had to do nearly all the speaking, but the ground was so extensive that there was no trouble in the line of matter. Quite a number of the Adrian friends were present, as well as from other places. You will have a copy of the resolutions forwarded, from which you will see the spirit of the Convention.

On Sunday, I spoke all day about four miles from Litchfield, where we had a good time indeed. I am now in Adrian, and have made arrangements to hold several meetings hereabouts, then I shall return to engage in the Ohio campaign.

The rains have been very great here for a day or two, lands are flooded, bridges swept away, roads torn up, and much damage done. The wheat crop is very fine and abundant.

I see you have fixed the place of the Anniversary. I wish it could have been at New Lyme, but alas we are too far out of the way, I hope Garrison and

## Letter from J. P. Davis.

## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

ECONOMY, Indiana, July, 1851.  
 To the Editor of *The Bugle*—DEAR SIR: I am desirous of communicating to your readers, the state of the Anti-Slavery enterprise among us. I am happy to say that Indiana is waking up. She is beginning to feel that something is to be said, as well as thought—something to be done as well as said.

On the 28th of May, a Christian Anti-Slavery Convention was held in Indianapolis, designed to unite the friends of the slave of all denominations in a combined religious anti-slavery body. Indianapolis contains 24 churches, enough to corrupt a whole nation were there no counteracting influences. The attendance was respectable considering the fact which marks the God-forsaken character of the town.

On the 29th, the Political Anti Slavery Party of the State, held a Convention to lay a new platform to stand on, the old one having given away. The Resolutions were good. The most of them were the production of M. R. Hull.—Mr. Hull is not afraid to speak, though the Union fall, and that would be far worse, you know, than for the "Heavens to fall." The Convention resolved against keeping up an Army and Navy—in time of peace. Against licensing dram-shops. In favor of granting limited quantities of land out of the public domain, to actual settlers.

Pledged resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law. Declared the Sermon on the Mount, Superior to Webster's speech, the Laws of God, above the laws of men. And adopted Sumner's sentiments of praise and glory to our kidnapping, slaveholding, piratical Union, etc., etc.

Judges McLane and Huntington, \* were holding the U. S. District Court for this State.—McLane appointed 5 Commissioners to help him kidnap in Indiana.

The case of E. B. Crocker, \*, some slaveholder, in a case of abduction came off. The suit being instituted under the law of '93, was set aside, by Huntington, he deciding that the law of '50, repealed the one of '93. He, however, gave evident indications of sympathy, with the slave-mongers. McLane differing somewhat from Huntington, the case was sent up to the Supreme Court.

Every day adds enemies to our New Constitution; yet a large majority of our State are still in favor of it. It is a Democratic Constitution, but the Whigs will generally vote for it. Some of them will not.

I suppose you are aware that by it, a colored person—"Negro or Mulatto"—is not allowed to come into, or settle in our State. That should any one employ—give a meal of victuals to—or persuade to stay in the State, any "Negro or Mulatto," he is subject to a fine of from \$10 to \$500, and the money to go to colonize those now in the State. Of course a colored child living in Ohio may not visit her mother living in this heathen land. Can you not lend us some help to show up the devilish spirit of our Christian Constitution? We are holding meetings and doing all we can, but our number in this State is small. There is not one regular lecturer in the field, in Indiana. I have been holding meetings about once a week this Spring, and intend to continue to do so, as often as I can. There is a great desire to hear since the passage of the Fugitive Law, and the adoption of the New Constitution of Indiana.

The article I have referred to above, was decidedly a Democratic measure. It was drawn up by Robert Dale Owen, to whom the women of Indianapolis presented a Silver Pitcher, worth \$130, for his defense of white women's rights. Had they voted him a cart whip, thumb-screw, and branding-iron, it would have been equally appropriate. He is one of the lowest of that low party amongst us.

Julian and Parker are in the field. The battle waxes hot. Parker is the Whig nominee for Congress. Is in for the Compromise. Calls Julian a Disunionist. Julian plants himself firmly, and says he will not yield "one hair's breadth" to the slave power, though it dissolve the Union." He is the most of a man for a Politician, I ever saw. It is a wonder he was ever elected. But he is so firm and manly, he wins a great many, unfriendly to Anti-Slavery, to vote for him. His re-election is somewhat doubtful.

I am glad to see Dr. A. Brooke appear in your columns. He yields an able pen. I have wondered at his long silence.

Yours for that which is good and true—tho' the Union and the Church be shivered to atoms.

J. P. DAVIS.

Judge Huntington, is District Judge for this State, he is below mediocrity in intellect, and a demon in principle. He issued a bull not long since commanding all parties concerned to an energetic work in kidnapping men, women and children, in this State.

With THEIR OWN CONSENT.—The Commonwealth says it has been informed that the barque Baltimore left Savannah a few weeks since with emigrants under the patronage of the American Colonization Society. On the day of her sailing some three score of her passengers, who had arrived in town from the up country days previous, were marched in pairs from the jail—the same in which Sims was confined to the ship.

ARRIVAL—COMPLIMENTARY.—Mr. John Moore, his wife and two other companions have recently arrived in Canada. Mr. Moore tendered his respects through the Voice of the Fugitive to a namesake, Mr. Elijah Moore of Ky. his former master,—informing him that they had a very pleasant trip, and that Mrs. Moore's health was greatly benefited by the change of CLIMATE.

FREEDOM OF OPINION.—Harvard College has heretofore been under the control of the Unitarians. Henceforth it is said it will have no sectarian bias.

Mrs. H. M. Tracy, of Columbus, is now on her way to London to attend the P. Congress.

## EXTENSION.

Ledru Rollin has been condemned to two years imprisonment and a fine of \$2,000 for the publication of two pamphlets.

The health of Kossuth is said to be greatly impaired by internal maladies aggravated by the state of his mind and the climate.

An advertisement of 1553 reads as follows, Wanted, a stout active man who fears the Lord and can carry two hundred weight.

Mr. Greeley says he found in visiting the Manufacturing establishments of England a general rule among them to be,—"No Americans Admitted."

The Bogota Congress at its late session passed a law abolishing slavery in the Republic.—The law is to go into force on the first of January 1852.

Hon. John Beaver is prosecuting the erection of his machinery for the manufacture of flax-cotton at Newton Falls. He is sanguine of ultimate success.

The Geographical Society of Paris have voted Captain Linch of the U. States Navy a silver medal for his voyage in the Red Sea and the River Jordan.

Mr. Chaplin's Case for the abduction of slaves was called up in the criminal court in Washington City on the 14th inst. Mr. Chaplin not appearing suit was ordered to be instituted against his securities.

The Legislature of Minnesota at its last session incorporated a University, to be sustained by the proceeds of lands to be hereafter granted by the United States. No religious opinions are to be required as a test in officers or students and no sectarian instruction is to be permitted.

The Providence R. I. Physiological Society has recently presented a silver goblet to Miss Martha H. Mowry as a testimony of respect for her efforts in behalf of the better education and elevation of her sex. Miss Mowry is the first regularly educated female Physician of Providence.

The *Christian Mirror*, published at Portland, Maine has recently been employed to publish the laws, as a reward for its past fidelity and future subserviency to the government. The political papers had forfeited their claim to the spoil by doubting the infidelity of Webster, and the divinity of the fugitive law.

A Mechanics State Convention was held at Atlanta Geo on the 4th inst. which adopted a report against the employment of negroes in the Mechanick arts. Last week we had occasion to record a similar movement between the Northern and the Southern States. The South felt chagrined and mortified because the Wilmett Proviso was imposed on Mexico; and we venture to say they will never again consent or be a party to any arrangement by which that proviso shall be attached to any territory south of 36° 30'—This need not be expected. The question, however, in all probability, must be met; and if the parties who are engaged in this expedition better themselves, and commence carrying their project into effect, nothing can prevent it from getting into the Presidential election of 1852. This would upset the Compromise platform, for it would run like wildfire in the South, and would be popular in the North also. The truth is, that the people of this country live as much in a year as those of other countries do in half a century; and the platform or programme that according to present appearances would do now for a party to enter the Presidential contest upon, would be of no service six months hence; for, according to all probability, another state of things would exist, and a different platform would be necessary. The compromise platform may do for the present; but no one can tell what a month, a week, or even a day, may bring forth, in this extraordinary, ever changing Republic, whose destiny is irresistibly leading us on to some great goal which the mind of man cannot conceive."

The report of Mr. Webster's resignation either absolute or contingent is contradicted by authority.

The National Intelligencer says his health is perfectly good but his physicians have advised a visit to Europe or the Warm springs,—to avert his annual catarrhal attack.

The National Intelligencer says that opposition to separate secession is rapidly on the increase in South Carolina. It names several distinguished citizens who have recently come out in opposition, regarding it as "eminently dangerous to southern institutions and their commercial prosperity."

Mr. Paxton proposes that the Christal Palace shall remain standing and be used as a winter Park and Garden under glass, to be laid out in gardens, walks, &c.; where the temperature of southern Italy shall be maintained during winter, and in which shall be cultivated trees, shrubs and plants.

## Religious Education.

New Jersey has recently appropriated \$74,000 for education. The Episcopal Church, fearing the influence of science unaccompanied with sectarianism, has attempted the establishment of schools in connection with the church. A Reverend dolt, in opposing the public schools, declared that Grammer, Arithmetic, and Geography should be taught religiously. That government was established to protect property, secure rights and build roads, not to educate the people. Education was the work of the church. Those who were too poor to educate their children should send them to the overseers of the poor to be educated.

A sermon advocating the church system in opposition to that of public schools was to be delivered in every pulpit in the State. Thus is the church endeavoring to fortify herself by perpetuating ignorance—a worthy hand maid of chattel slavery and monopoly.

Receipts for The Bugle for the week ending July 26th.

J. M. Hubbard, Eckford, 75-321  
 Palmer, Dorse, 6,96-306  
 A. K. Garlick, " 3,00-303  
 Asa Field, Akron, 2,00-373  
 John W. Postell, Magnolia, 1,50-358  
 William Griffith, Salem, 1,50-355  
 Samuel Myers, N. Lisbon, 1,50-358  
 Clement Rockhill, Mt. Union, 1,50-358  
 Reuben Erwin, Marlboro, 1,50-355  
 Abram Hartzell, Benton, 1,50-340  
 Chas. Leavenworth, Erie, 1,00-313

## Agents for the Bugle.

The following named persons are requested and authorized to act as agents for the Bugle in their respective localities.

Chas. Douglass, Berea, Cuyahoga county, Ohio. Timothy Woodworth, Litchfield, Medina Co., O. Wm. Payne, Richfield, Summit Co., Ohio. T. E. Bonner, Adrian, Michigan.

## A Petition.

The New York Herald, the "by authority" paper of the slave power makes the following exposure of Southern intentions of annexation. It will help our readers to decide what reliance is to be given to the Tribune's declaration that all danger from this source is past. Extension of the South is determined upon. It is essential to the perpetuity of her power. The conspirators are in the field active and determined. They will yet deepen our infamy, by involving us in wars for further conquest.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

To HON. H. G. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR:—Please present this petition and advocate its reception, and oblige our constituent, and twelve years a resident of the 4th Ward.

WILLIAM P. POWELL  
 NEW YORK, July 7, 1851.

MEMORIAL.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Assembly of the State of New York Convened:

Your memorialist an inhabitant of the city and county of New York, and citizen of the State aforesaid represents:

That he is the Grandson of ELIZABETH BARJOHN, one of the many Heroines during the Revolutionary war with Great Britain, rendered aid and comfort to the rebels of the first Continental Congress, that when these patriots were driven from one State to another, and when large rewards were offered for their persons dead or alive, and when it was declared a penal offence, punishable with death, for any person to aid, assist or even to give them a morsel of bread or a drink of water, struggling as they were for national Independence from British rule, your petitioner's Grandmother, the said Elizabeth Barjohn did in the capacity of Cook to the said Congress, carefully and regularly supply to the members thereof, every possible luxury which in those days of dark ness and despair could be procured; and your memorialist feels therefore that his venerable relative though an humble was an important instrument in the deliberations of that body. It is not for your memorialist to remind your honorable body of how much the mind depends upon the wholesome, vigorous condition of its dwelling-place, nor to point out to you the disastrous consequences which might have ensued had not they eaten and drunken and been daily filled with the good things of this life, whereby the strength was given them to conceive, sign and proclaim to the world the great and noble truths of the American Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created free and equal and are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and your petitioner further sheweth that notwithstanding his grandmother did directly and indirectly contribute all her youthful energies to cement the "Union of the States," yet the "States of the Union" have violated the contract, securing LIFE, LIBERTY, and the PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS to all persons without regard to the color of their skin. And your petitioner further sheweth that, his father EDWARD POWELL was held a slave for life by the laws of New York, whereby your petitioner was deprived of a HOME and of a father's protection; and your petitioner further sheweth that, owing to the prejudices, customs, and usages of the people of this State and of the Union, that, it is impossible for him though freed from the disabilities which weighed upon his father, to give his own children, of whom he has a large family, that education and to secure to them those opportunities for a livelihood and a respectable position in society, to which, as human beings, and as American Citizens they are entitled.

Now in view of all these facts above stated, and in view of the fact that one branch of the Legislature did enact a bill this session appropriating monies from the State Treasury to colored persons emigrating from this country; which bill was lost in the Senate, your petitioner respectfully asks your honorable body to appropriate by special act—Dollars which will enable him to emigrate with his family from this country, which denies to him and them the rights guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence, in which he has as above shown so great a hereditary interest, to the Kingdom of Great Britain, where character and not color—capacity and not complexion, are the tests of merit; and your petitioner will ever pray, &c.

WILLIAM P. POWELL  
 New York, July 7th, 1851.

In Trouble.

A correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer, writing from London complains lustily. Poor fellow, hear him.

The exhibition, on the part of the United States has been most unfortunate in its management, and a great dissatisfaction exists among the contributors and visitors. In the first place, the Central Committee in Washington, appointed as United States Commissioner, a man by the name of Riddle, a horse auctioneer of Boston—a man without the first qualification fitted for such a position. This man is the only known or recognized representative of the United States, in this World's Fair—the organ to communicate with the English Commissioners and the savans of the continent assembled here—a fellow who cannot speak a sentence of good English, or any other tongue except that of Yankee-dom; and if he has any knowledge of the arts or literature, we have not yet discovered it. The State Commissioners are not recognized, and have no position here. Why our Minister, Mr. Lawrence, has suffered this I do not know; he certainly could have ordered matters otherwise. But, to add to the mortification, Horace Greeley, editor of the Tribune, was placed by Mr. Riddle, whether with the approbation of our Minister or not, I do not know, as foreman of the panel of American Jurors. This man—without the manners of a gentleman—the rankest abolitionist—the known advocate of doctrines the most disorganizing and the most horrible and disgusting that can be conceived by a Southern man—outranks us all; and, as if designed to make the insult more poignant, he may be seen locked arms with a negro, attending abolition meetings at Exeter Hall where these worthies assemble to denounce the Southern States and advocate disunion.

This is an increase of about 11 per cent.

Total, 20,919,531  
 The aggregate by the census of 1841 was, 18,655,981

Increase, 2,263,550  
 This is an increase of about 11 per cent.

London, 1851, 2,353,141  
 " 1841, 1,948,369

Increase, 515,772  
 London increased about 22 per cent.

The Dollar Magazine for July, is an excellent No. We copy an article from it on our last page.

Very, respectfully, yours, &c.,

E. S. DUNCAN.

## The Slave Trade.

The Correspondence below is copied from the Buffalo Republican. It is an interesting item in the history of the slave trade, and slave extension of the North before the revolution:

SCHENECTADY, July 7, 1760.

MR. H. LEVY.—Before this reaches, we hope every former order will be completed. Above we send you a small memorandum which we beg you'll execute immediately on receipt. \* \* \* We shall be pleased to hear how Beaver is selling. \* \* \*

If you have wampum, pipes and moons, you may send 'em by first opportunity, and we'll make a trial of them at Detroit this winter. \* \* \*

Yours, &c., P. & E.

P. & E. DO NOT fail to purchase and send the blacks by first opportunity, as the person for whom they are has contracted to deliver them at Detroit early in the fall.

SCHENECTADY, Aug. 23d, 1769.

MR. JAMES STIRLING, Detroit.—Sir—Your favor, 29th June, attending your order, we had the pleasure to receive, and immediately thereafter our J. P. made a jaunt to N. York, with a view to be particular and expeditious in making up the goods. We now enclose your invoice per £—, the loading of six boats under the direction of James McDonald, who is engaged to proceed with them to Detroit. \* \* \* We have tried all in our power to procure the wenches and negro lad, but it is impossible to get any near your terms. No green negroes are now brought into this Province. We can purchase negroes from £50 to £90, and wenches from £60 to £70. If such will be acceptable, advise and we shall have them in the spring, and perhaps under if we can meet with Yankees in the winter. \* \* \*

With great esteem, Yours, P. & E.

SCHENECTADY, 13th Aug., 1770.

MR. LEVY.—Sir, \* \* \* We have received the negro boys; the oldest will do for Mr. Sterling, (at Detroit) and is entered in our order book. But we are entirely at a loss what to do with that fatigued boy, having orders for none such for any of our correspondents, and we don't by any means want him ourselves. \* \* \* Pray, are not bills of sale necessary with those African gentlemen?

We are, &c., P. & E.

SCHENECTADY, 22d March, 1771.

MR. CARPENTER WHARTON.—Sir: Upon your arrival at Philadelphia, please advise us by letter addressed to the care of Mr. Samuel Franklin, Jun., if you can purchase for us two negro lads from 15 to 20 years, for about £50 N. Y. C. (currency) each. They must be stout and sound, but we are indifferent about their qualifications, as they are for a Frenchman at Detroit. \* \* \*

Yours, &c., P. & E.

6th June, 1771.

TO MR. JOHN

## Miscellaneous.

From the Dollar Magazine.  
"Yes, Sir—My Niagara!"  
BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

"The owner of Niagara died recently—an aged man—whose life had been coincident with the rise to the fullness and dignity of a nation of Western New York. He had chosen this residence by the great river as the home of his declining years, and his grave will be within the sound of the cataract."—*Daily Paper.*

There is something mean and diminishing in the ordinary conditions of property.—There is the tax-gatherer with his red-lined book and inkhorn to be met at inconvenient and mathematically impudent intervals.—The tea-drinking Board of Aldermen must have their hand in it with the opening and shutting of streets. There are certain patry ordinances to be constantly kept in mind touching the position of an iron ash-box on the walk in winter time, and the decent withholding of flag-ends of greens from the gutter in summer. The seasons themselves are in league against us. The wind (dissevering window-hinges) is our worst enemy. Cold water, which we should like—holy water—the very rain from heaven is a disgust on our roof. Then we are under the necessity of putting ourselves in league with tinkers and sawers of wood, and men who deal in putty, and other personages who partake not in the least of the sublime. Even a pig may enter at our open front door, and make his nose familiar with the latest fashions, and discuss his turnip on an ottoman. Ordinary property, in a word, is so hedged in and trimmed and detracted from and disengaged by a swarm of harassing qualifiers, that it can in no proper sense be called property. To call it real estate or tenement is feeble and ridiculous. It is rather an impromptu, an ice-cream, which we have one minute on our plate—the next, where is it? To really possess a piece of property—may be said to be, in the highest sense, the thing. This happy fortune seems to have been achieved by our late worthy friend mentioned in the morning newspaper. The motto *de mortuis nil nisi bona* need not to have a stretched construction put upon it to help his case out. Of him we have nothing but good to say.—He owned Niagara Falls (by what title he held, who is the attorney or record, we have not been curious to inquire). We would suppose something in the nature of a revelation—a voice direct from Heaven—something resembling one of the stone tablets delivered to Moses should constitute his deeds of possession. We take it the deceased gentleman's title was sound.—Many a plump fiction as we have found, one time and another, in the newspapers, we take it for granted no one would venture on so bold and bold a lie as that. It would be too gigantic and staggering to stand up for a single day and keep the breath of life in it. Our late friend then, did lawfully own and possess the hand-some property known as the Falls of Niagara in North America. This is all we know of him, and we are right glad of it. It is a joy and a satisfaction to us that no scribe of Boswellian instincts lived thereabout to make us acquainted with any other single circumstance of the whole past history of the fortunate gentleman. We have luckily no account of his personal appearance; although it is not absolutely sinful for us to indulge in our minds a little speculation as to what manner of man he may have been. We may picture him to ourselves as small, shrunken, withered, hovering about the scene like a spectre, and gloating with true misery inward self-gratification over his rich possession—keeping a sleepless watch on all its properties of rock, water, mist, spray, and rainbow—perpetually on the prowl against invaders and predators—jealous even of the stray chips and waifings from upstream—and ready for a collared march to the justice of peace on a petit larceny issue, at the slightest provocation.

His chief care, in this character, may have been that his fortune should be held and transmitted unimpaired. On the other hand, we sometimes figure him to ourselves, aged, white-haired, large, venerable—coming forth at the morning tide, like one whose proper business and happiness it is to "muse o'er flood and fell"—to regard its first greeting from the sun, when welcome passes between these two great wonders of the natural universe—to mark how (so to speak) they look each other in the face in early salutation, and whether there is not something of a disposition in Phœbus to put old Niagara to the blush, and, perhaps, to peer curiously and with a sort of royal audacity into the very secret chambers of his spirit.

As the day goes up, the sun—growing warmer in a kind of strife that seems to have arisen between the two—strikes down upon the Falls with harder, heavier, hotter blows—as if he would scatter the waters and rive the very rocks in pieces. In vain. He softens towards his rival and companion as he goes down into the west, and with good night to all the world, he smiles a benignant adieu to Niagara, acknowledging, ruddily beaming on his rugged front, that though he, the mighty light, departs, there is something left to earth while Niagara remains.

It was only towards the close of life that our deceased friend was impelled to choose his abiding-place here. In his early day, in the heyday and dash of youth, he gave his heart to wine, to the pleasures of trade, and some of the frivolous pursuits and ambitions of men—to the admiration of beauty in woman. But as his step grew slow, as his locks whitened, as he walked nearer to that other world to come, he heard in Niagara the voice of the majesty of Life and Death speaking to him. Tired of the cold and trifling companionships of the world, here found a friend, true in counsel, clear of speech, meeting him day by day, year by year, with an unchanged front of glory and truth.

Here, too, would he lie down, when all eyes grew dark, and all hands cold. His spirit attended up to the Throne, with the anthem-melody of the old cataract—i.e., too, shall speak the praises of his pure character to all men, and shall sing to rest for ever his troubled frame. One voice alone be his mourner. But where, in abbey or cathedral, in all the bands of happy singers that have ever met, in choir, manifold, with trumpet and harp, and psaltery and organ! Oh, who can so shake the articles of the world, and fill all space and time with its solemn peal of lament and power, as that old Fall of

## THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

## Horace Greeley in Paris.

mighty waters! Ever in his robe he stands there—from year to year, from century to century, from age to age—beside his master's grave, keeping a majestic watch, and with more than apostle's tongue, pronouncing for ever and for ever, above his ashes, the great funeral discourse of all the earth.

## Who are Slaves?

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

I would not hear to be a slave,  
To do another's will,  
To move when'er he said I must,  
And when he bade, stand still—  
To think, to feel, to speak, to act,  
Beneath a lord's control,  
As if my God had never given  
Me a living soul—  
Not all of California's gold  
Could tempt to such a fate;  
'T would fill my heart with bitterness,  
With malice, pride, and hate.

And I would never be a slave  
To passion's venom'd power,  
And bitter love, and hope and health,  
For pleasure of an hour—  
The sparkling wine, the inebriate's cup,  
The tempter's glittering snare,  
O! grant kind Heaven, it ne'er be mine,  
Such servitude to bear.

A slave—a slave—what is a slave?  
A man with fetters bound,  
One doomed to bear a master's lash,  
Like some vile cringing hound;  
A man whom *fremen's* law has doomed  
Thro' years to serve another,  
His life, his labor, and his bone,  
The chattels of his brother.

Yes, these are slaves; poor, wretched slaves,  
Down-trodden and oppressed,  
All powerless they help themselves,  
Upset and unblest.  
Upon their brow is stamped by heaven  
A bond that seals their doom,  
And frenzies for the darkness given  
Shroud all their life in gloom.

There is a slave more abject still  
Than passion's child of sin,  
Or even he who bears the bond  
Of a dark tinted skin.

Yes, these are slaves, poor, cringing slaves,  
That tread Columbius's soil,  
That sell their very souls for gold,  
For party, and for spoil—

The bind themselves with fetters far  
More galling than a chain,  
To a stoop and let a tyrant world  
Put shackles on the brain.

That dare not speak the bold free thought,  
That struggles from within,  
Lest they offend some tyrant lord,  
Who gives his aids to sin.  
No fetters gall their weary limbs,  
No law controls their will,  
Yet are they mean and abject slaves,  
Poor cringing menials still.

The darkest man from Afric's sands  
That were bought or sold,  
Is not so last as he who sells—  
Himself, for place or gold—  
Who puts out all his gold fires,  
Nor dares one spark to save,  
Of justice, mercy, love and truth,  
But lives and dies a slave.

From the True Democrat.

The Hon. John P. Hale.

The Hon. JOHN P. HALE is a free and easy, fat and good-natured man who can relish a long nine and a good joke, as well as any member of the Senate. He has a strong head at one end of his arm, and a strong head at the other. When he shakes the former, you feel the heart throbbing in the palm—when he shakes the latter, it is the signal of a storm, and it will fail (Hale) for the space of an hour, and every stone will be the weight of talent. Foote may rave, and foam, and volunteer to hang him on the tallest tree in Mississippi; but the Senator from the Granite State, will reply with such sunny face, and so much good nature, his plump opponent will be ashamed of himself. There is more thunder and lightning in the crack of Hale's joke, than there is in the crack of Foote's pistol. The pungent wit of the former, is more destructive than the powder of the latter. Hale is of the North, mostly; Foote is of the South, sulphur. In a personal encounter the ignoble Mississippian would be like a grasshopper in the hands of a granite giant. Foote has the best education—Hale the most common sense—Foote excels in polishing a sentence and rendering a period. Hale excels in pointing the truth and clinching an argument—Foote is a declaiming, furious, bumptious orator. Hale is a spontaneous, fluent, discursive speaker. He is not classically correct in every word he utters—but the words seem to drop at the right time, in the right place, as the seed falls from the hands of the sower, into the plowed and harrowed furrows.

Without much oratorical power—he is sure to interest and instruct the hearer. He puts new wine into old bottles for the purpose of bursting them. He is a man for the times and speaks the sentiments as well as the language of the masses. The men blanched in the factory, the man bronzed in the foundry, understands his language without the aid of a dictionary or the services of an interpreter. Although consistently indolent, he is active and impulsive when his mercury rises to the zero of excitement. He is a thorn in the side of Fillmore's administration. Clay would despise him if he did not fear him. Webster keeps out of his way, for fear he might stumble over something hard in granite. He is sociable and affable in his manners; pleasant and hearty in his address. In person, he is somewhat inclined to corpulence, (not grossness). He has dark brown hair, a little tinged with frost—a full orb and healthy face—blue eyes smiling with benevolence—an ample chest swelling with a good heart—broad shoulders to bear the cross of his party. He is between forty and fifty years of age—has an iron temperament—a constitution of great strength. He is the reliable, unfaltering friend of humanity. He speaks frequently and forcibly without preparation.—Few men have more foresight and sagacity than he. With more industry, more cultivation and more dignity, he would be the COBEN of America.

He is a staunch temperance man and a Free Soil abolitionist. May his shadow never

me that if I paid them *there* they might perhaps go off and leave me. I was obliged therefore to resort to a little stratagem.—Making signs that I had no money, but showing an order upon one of the English houses of business, I pointed to the city, and expressing in the same way my desire to go through it to the English quarter, they consented to accompany me through the streets. In I ventured. Such a sight had never been seen in Canton before. The people gathered in crowds, the women held up their children as I passed along, the curiosity and amusement of the people were prodigious, and your gracious Queen, on the opening of the Exhibition, could hardly be more run over than was my poor insignificant self."

"And were you not horribly afraid?" I inquired.

"Not in the least," was the reply.

"And did you meet with no insult?"

"Not the slightest. Nothing could exceed the courtesy of the people. After traversing the city my Chinese guides brought me to the house of the English merchant who could scarcely believe that I had come off scathless from so unprecedented an enterprise.—Well, from Canton I visited several of the principal ports of China, and thence, touching at Singapore, made my way to Ceylon, where, not satisfied with remaining at Point de Galle, I visited the capital, Kandy. I ascended the Ganges on the deck of a barge, and far into the interior, examined the native prides, by whom I was kindly received, and, satisfied with my survey of India, returned to the coast, embarked for the Persian Gulf, and then ascending the Tigris, looked upon Dr. Layard in the midst of his excavations at Nineveh."

Such a narrative of adventure, and from the mouth of a female, might well take away one's breath. I really seemed to be dreaming as I looked upon the frail little body before me, and heard her describe a durous career like this with far less excitement of manner than the mistress of a cockney boarding-school would throw into her account of the perils of a journey to Boulogne.

Patriotic Literature.

The Nickerbocker has the following. It would make an admirable oration for the Godlike.

"There is that in the ensuing effusion which cannot fail to rouse the slumbering patriotism of every American heart. It was composed by a western poet, in one hour, by a Connecticut clock:

"\* What! but'st this glorious Union up,  
An' go to drawin' triggers,  
Just for a thunderin' of Emancipated niggers!  
The eagle of Ammeriky,  
That due across the seas,  
An' thow'd the bluddy British lion  
Ker-slump upon his knees:  
Say!—shall we rend him lim from lim,  
Wun wing wun way, and wun'other,  
And every sepper pin fether  
A flying at the other?"

"This is the kind of spirit that is going to preserve our great and glorious ked'ntry from premature dissolution."

Letter from Horace Mann.

The following letter, addressed by Mr. Mann to the Young Men's Debating Society, No. 111 Bowery, in reply to a communication asking his advice in relation to the best manner of debating, we copy from the *Evening Post*:

WEST NEWTON, Monday, June 16, '51.

I am very glad to be made acquainted with the existence of your Society, and feel highly honored by your request for a word of encouragement and counsel.

I have an inexpressible interest in young men, and wish I could live my life over again, that I might cause less of evil and more of good than I have done. But life is a book of which we can have but one edition: as it is first prepared it must stand for ever. Let each day's actions, as they add another page to the indestructible volume, be such that we shall be willing to have an assembled world to read it.

You say you constitute a Debating Society. Will you allow me, as a friend, to make one remark on the subject of the choice of subjects, and another upon your habit of

encouragement and counsel.

I would recommend that you choose topics for discussion, which are, as far as possible, both theoretic and practical. The theoretic will exercise your speculative faculties, which are essential to comprehensiveness, forethought and invention; and the practical will cause you to keep continually in view the uses which may be made of your combinations of ideas. Both powers will make the man, so far as the intellect is concerned.

My other remarks is—and I am sure you will think more and more of it the longer you live—never investigate, nor debate for *Triumph*, but always for *Truth*. Never take the affirmative or negative side of a question till after you have mastered it, according to the best of your ability; and then adopt the side which judgement and conscience assure you to be right.

The mind is not only the object to be improved, but it is the instrument to work with. How can you improve a moral instrument by forcing it to hide or obscure the Truth, and espouse the side of Falsehood?

If you succeed you do but injure others, by inducing them to adopt errors; but you injure yourself more than any one else.

The optician, who clouds the glass through which he looks, is a wise man compared with the reasoner who clouds his faculties. Keep one thing forever in view—the TRUTH—and if you do this, tho' it may seem to lead you away from the opinions of men, it will assuredly conduct you to the throne of God.

"Of course," I remarked; "you do not mean the interior of the Chinese quarters, into which Europeans are not allowed to penetrate?"

"Indeed I do," was her reply. "I am, perhaps, the only person that has ever gone through it. I must admit that the attempt was rash, but I could not overcome my curiosity. Madame Gutzlaff, the Missionary's wife, assured me she had never ventured to think of such a thing."

"But how did you contrive to accomplish it?" I inquired.

"I hired two native Chinese to show me about," was her reply. "On reaching the prohibited entrance of the city it occurred to

me that if I paid them *there* they might perhaps go off and leave me. I was obliged therefore to resort to a little stratagem.—Making signs that I had no money, but showing an order upon one of the English houses of business, I pointed to the city, and expressing in the same way my desire to go through it to the English quarter, they consented to accompany me through the streets.

In I ventured. Such a sight had never been seen in Canton before. The people gathered in crowds, the women held up their children as I passed along, the curiosity and amusement of the people were prodigious, and your gracious Queen, on the opening of the Exhibition, could hardly be more run over than was my poor insignificant self."

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